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## ART OF BIOGRAPHY.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE.

WE have already indulged in some speculations on the state of criticism in this country, and we take the present opportunity to resume the subject.

In the earlier stages of society, the practice of *medicine* is followed empirically, each man dealing as well as he can with the facts before him, and striving to learn from actual cases the true mode of treatment. But as education and refinement advance, an interchange of knowledge takes place; comparisons are made; errors are corrected; principles are established on the base of experience; theory, like a constitutional legislature, governs the practice from which it emanated; and medicine becomes in process of time at once an art and a science. This should likewise be the history of Criticism, and the fact that it is so is obvious even in our own literature; but our complaint is, that we are in far too early a stage of the process, considering the comparatively rapid advancement which has taken place in other sciences. Here and there, indeed, some solitary thinker does fancy that there may be eternal principles of taste applicable to the different branches of literature, and now and then a voice is heard, as if from afar, announcing something that seems like a marvel and a discovery; but in general we remain in absolute unconsciousness that there are any higher and nobler laws than the empirical judgment of individuals.

In illustration of the want of pure criticism betrayed in our literature, we have already made some mention of romantic fiction and history; but perhaps there is no department in which the deficiency is more obvious than biography. Biography with us is rarely a work of art, and never of high art. It is a mere collection of materials, or at best a rude and shapeless form. If the facts are true and abundant, the moral reflections just, and the likeness recognisable, we are satisfied; for we are unconscious that these are the mere stones of a temple which it is the province of genius to raise over the ashes of the great and good. Biography is the history of an individual, and is only different from that of a nation in its being of more limited range. A nation, as one of the great communities of mankind, must be considered with reference to the general progress of society; and its historian, if his views be proportionally large, must not only dive into the past, but soar into the future. He must know intimately the contemporaneous world; he must be acquainted with all arts and all sciences; and, abstracting himself from his own day and its conventionalisms and prejudices, he must look at the groups of mankind in their onward march, from age to age, from development to development, till they are lost in that abyss of futurity where even genius can only guess at their destinies.

Biography, as the history of an individual, is of more limited range: it deals with one country, one epoch, one lifetime; and when the tomb closes over its hero, its task is done. But how many conditions does this require to be fulfilled! How grand a scope does it present for the true artist! In the sister profession, a portrait destined to command the admiration of the world is a work of earnest labour and refined skill: nothing is redundant, nothing meagre; tint after tint, shade after shade, are thrown in with unwearied diligence; and all are made to tell in the production of character. The chiaroscuro is so managed that even the most essential incidents, when they disturb the main effect, are toned down so as to produce what writers on art call a eurythmia, or the beauty arising from order and harmony. The accessories, likewise, are all in harmony with the figure, determining its proportions, and even the most trivial of them performing some allotted function in the design. A biography is in literature what a portrait is in art; and the pen may draw many instructive analogies from the pencil. We cannot accept from the author, any more than from the painter, a heap of features, draperies, incidents, to be arranged at our own pleasure, and owe their effect to our own unconscious skill. Books of this kind are mere materials—such as Boswell's 'Johnson,' the gem of them all—but are not entitled to the name of biography. The biographer must be an artist, and feel that he is so. He must attend to the keeping of his portrait, as well as the mere likeness of the features. He must not only search with industry, but select with severity; excluding everything not absolutely necessary, and taking care that everything he admits holds the place due to its importance or comparative insignificance, and ministers to the general effect.

A life usually extends beyond half a century, and in that space the social changes must be expected to be numerous; and all must be indicated in the biography. The man must be exhibited as a part of the time in which he lives, or he will not be understood. Thus, in a historical biography, the public history must be traced, or the actions of the individual will be unintelligible. An ordinary biographer, therefore, has more to do than to follow his hero in the events of his life: he must describe the spirit of the age in its manners, morals, and intellect; and the progress of society, as the stream in which his subject floats. He must, in short, identify the man with the epoch, in order to ascertain his value and character. Thirty years ago, a scientific discoverer may have been a great man—perhaps the greatest man of his time; while in the present day he would be regarded as a mere tyro. In writing his life, therefore, it would be necessary to describe exactly the state of science in his time; and even so we should deal with literary biography, and even with the mere biography of manners.

It may be said that the kind of details thus alluded to are to be found in Boswell; and so they are. But they are thrown in with the shovel, not built up in an artistical construction. We rise from the volumes with a pretty clear idea of the man and the social time; but the idea is collected by ourselves from a mass of shapeless material, amid a greater mass of useless rubbish. Boswell, therefore, is not a biographer, and his work is not a work of art. We have cited this exquisite gossip as an extreme case; but the fault of criticism is, that in general it rarely makes any distinction. There is hardly such a thing as real biography in the language; and the reason is, that the nature and functions of the art are either not comprehended, or not insisted upon, by those who assume the direction of the public taste.

It may seem hardly fair to cite the *Life of Southey*\* in illustration of these remarks, since the author disclaims any intention to write 'a regular biography;' but there is every reason to believe, from the internal evidence of the book, that he conceives his performance to fall short of a regular biography only in as much as it permits the narrative to be carried on occasionally by contributions and correspondence. This notion is clearly enough indicated by the word *narrative*, which is all that is commonly supposed to be required to constitute a biography. Our chief reason, however, for fixing upon the book before us is, that it is necessary to make a stand somewhere; and the volume before us is so flagrant an instance of the art of biography as practised in this country, that we think we cannot have a better opportunity of calling attention to the subject. We shall now proceed to give some account of the work. One half of the volume is composed of *Recollections of Southey*, written by himself at forty-six years of age; and then the son, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which his father has entered into the history of his family, and the details of his early life, takes up the thread of the narrative where he laid it down. The *Recollections*, however, with a good deal of amusing matter interspersed, are prosy and weak; and a 'regular biographer,' while extracting their spirit for his own use, would have thrown them into an appendix as a literary curiosity.

Before coming to the amiable self-consciousness of Southey, we cannot help remonstrating with his son for allowing his reverence for his father's memory to betray him into an extravagance as offensive to good taste as to true religion. 'I may say,' says he, in concluding the preface, 'that whatever defects these volumes may possess, I have the satisfaction of feeling that they will verify my father's own words—words not uttered boastingly, but simply as the answer of a conscience void of offence both towards God and man—"I have this conviction that, die when I may, my memory is one of those which will smell sweet, and blossom in the dust." The "conviction" here is nothing more than the self-satisfaction of a man conscious of good intentions and kindly feelings; but the reverend biographer ought to know better than we, that a conscience void of offence towards God is an absurdly-impossible attainment, and one at which even St Paul only "exercised" himself.

Southey traces his family back by the church registers to the very reasonable date of 1696, when his grandfather Thomas was baptised at Wellington in Somersetshire. Thomas, however, it seems, had a father called

Robert, sometimes designated as a yeoman, and sometimes as a farmer, and married either to a niece or second cousin of the philosopher Locke, 'who is still held in more estimation than he deserves.' There is even a tradition of a grandfather of this Robert, a great clothier; and his grandchildren having used armorial bearings, Southey rejoices in the idea that his ancestors perhaps served in the Crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. His father, however, was nothing more than a grocer in London, and afterwards a linendraper at Bristol. His mother he introduces by this somewhat singular anecdote:—"While she was a mere child, she had a paralytic affection, which deadened one side from the hip downward, and crippled her for about twelve months. Some person advised that she should be placed out of doors in the sunshine as much as possible; and one day, when she had been carried out, as usual, into the fore-court, in her little arm-chair, and left there to see her brothers at play, she rose from her seat, to the astonishment of the family, and walked into the house. The recovery from that time was complete. The fact is worthy of notice, because some persons may derive hope from it in similar cases, and because it is by no means improbable that the sunshine really effected the cure.' This lady had an excellent understanding and much readiness of apprehension, but no education beyond dancing and needlework. So much the better. 'Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say, when they spoke of a former pupil, "*Her* went to school to me;" and the mistress of what, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol (where Mrs Siddons sent her daughter), spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this.' His mother, however, acquired another accomplishment: having a good ear for music, she 'was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute.' Of these parents Robert Southey was born on the 12th of August 1774.

His early childhood was passed with his aunt Miss Tyler; and this description of her drawing-room will convey an accurate idea both of the merits and defects of the autobiographical department of the work:—"The walls of that drawing-room were covered with a plain, green paper, the floor with a Turkey carpet: there hung her own portrait by Gainsborough, with a curtain to preserve the frame from flies and the colours from the sun; and there stood one of the most beautiful pieces of old furniture I ever saw—a cabinet of ivory, ebony, and tortoise-shell, in an ebony frame. It had been left her by a lady of the Spenser family, and was said to have belonged to the great Marlborough. I may mention as part of the parlour furniture a square screen with a foot-board and a little shelf, because I have always had one of the same fashion myself, for its convenience; a French writing-table, because of its peculiar shape, which was that of a Cajou-nut or a kidney; the writer sat in the concave, and had a drawer on each side; an arm-chair made of fine cherry-wood, which had been Mr Bradford's, and in which she always sat—mentionable because if any visitor, who was not in her especial favour, sat therein, the leathern cushion was always sent into the garden to be aired and purified before she would use it again; a mezzotint print of Pope's *Eloisa* in an oval, black frame, because of its

\* *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*: Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. Six Volumes. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1940.

supposed likeness to herself; two prints in the same kind of engraving from pictures by Angelica Kauffman—one of Hector and Andromache, the other of Tele-machus at the court of Menelaus: these I notice because they were in frames of Brazilian-wood; and the great print of Pombal, *O grande Marquez*, in a similar frame, because this was the first portrait of any illustrious man with which I became familiar.' In this house he slept with his aunt, and was compelled to lie till nine or ten o'clock. In the wearisome waking hours he passed in bed, perhaps the intellectual education of the future author commenced. 'My poor little wits were upon the alert at those tedious hours of compulsory idleness, fancying figures and combinations of form in the curtains, wondering at the motes in the slant sunbeam, and watching the light from the crevices of the window-shutters, till it served me at last, by its progressive motion, to measure the lapse of time.' A present which he received, however, of a set of Mr Newberry's juvenile books, appears to have had a decided effect in determining him to literature, which was the passion of his whole life. A little later, but still before he was seven years of age, the habit of frequenting the theatre at Bath with his aunt made him dream of being a dramatist. His favourite play upon the stage was 'Cymbeline,' and next to that, 'As You Like It.' In the closet 'it is curious that "Titus Andronicus" was at first my favourite play; partly, I suppose, because there was nothing in the characters above my comprehension; but the chief reason must have been, that tales of horror make a deep impression upon children, as they do upon the vulgar, for whom, as their ballads prove, no tragedy can be too bloody: they excite astonishment rather than pity. I went through Beaumont and Fletcher also before I was eight years old; circumstances enable me to recollect the time accurately. Beaumont and Fletcher were great theatrical names, and therefore there was no scruple about letting me peruse their works. What harm, indeed, could they do me at that age? I read them merely for the interest which the stories afforded, and understood the worse parts as little as I did the better. But I acquired imperceptibly from such reading familiarity with the diction, and ear for the blank verse, of our great masters.'

After the Newberry series, the first book Southey perused with delight was Hoole's translation of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' and the next the 'Faery Queen,' printed in old English. 'No young lady of the present generation falls to a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's with keener relish than I did that morning to the "Faery Queen." If I had then been asked wherefore it gave me so much more pleasure than ever Ariosto had done, I could not have answered the question. I now know that it was very much owing to the magic of its verse; the contrast between the flat couplets of a rhymester like Hoole, and the fullest and finest of all stanzas written by one who was perfect master of his art. But this was not all. Ariosto too often plays with his subject; Spenser is always in earnest. The delicious landscapes which he luxuriates in describing brought everything before my eyes. I could fancy such scenes as his lakes and forests, gardens and fountains, presented; and I felt, though I did not understand, the truth and purity of his feelings, and that love of the beautiful and the good which pervades his poetry.'

Uncle William was a character:—'For one or two years he walked into the heart of the city every Wednesday and Saturday to be shaved, and to purchase his tobacco; he went also sometimes to the theatre, which he enjoyed highly. On no other occasion did he ever leave the house; and as inaction, aided no doubt by the inordinate use of tobacco, and the quantity of small-beer with which he swilled his inside, brought on a premature old age, even this exercise was left off. As soon as he rose, and had taken his first pint of beer, which was his only breakfast, to the summer-house he

went, and took his station in the bow-window as regularly as a sentinel in a watch-box. Here it was his whole and sole employment to look at the few people who passed, and to watch the neighbours, with all whose concerns at last he became perfectly intimate, by what he could thus oversee and overhear. He had a nickname for every one of them.' We have no room for the obscure schools in which Southey passed his boyhood, but the whim of a cross pedagogue in correcting a more than usually stupid boy is worth mentioning:—'There was a hulking fellow (a Creole, with negro features, and a shade of African colour in him), and Williams, after flogging him one day, made him pay a halfpenny for the use of the rod, because he required it so much oftener than any other boy in the school. Whether G—— was most sensible of the mulct or the mockery, I know not, but he felt it as the severest part of the punishment.' This is very good; but then follow scores of pointless anecdotes of unknown persons, which make one entirely forget the subject of the memoir. One of these individuals, however, is above the commonplace, for he furnished an image in the 'Curse of Kehama,' drawn from the poet's recollections of his fiendish malignity. 'When he was shooting one day, his dog committed some fault. He would have shot him for this upon the spot, if his companion had not turned the gun aside, and, as he supposed, succeeded in appeasing him: but when the sport was over, to the horror of that companion (who related the story to me), he took up a large stone and knocked out the dog's brains. . . . He ran a short career of knavery, profligacy, and crimes, which led him into a prison, and there he died by his own hand.'

In his twelfth and thirteenth years Southey wrote a good deal of juvenile poetry, chiefly translations from the classics, but including a piece, which he very correctly pronounces to be wholly original in its design—'an attempt to exhibit the story of the Trojan war in a dramatic form, laying the scene in Elysium, where the events which had happened on earth were related by the souls of the respective heroes as they successively descended. . . . There was one point,' he says, 'in which these premature attempts afforded a hopeful omen, and that was in the diligence and industry with which I endeavoured to acquire all the historical information within my reach relating to the subject in hand. . . . It was perhaps fortunate that these pursuits were unassisted and solitary. By thus working a way for myself, I acquired a habit and a love for investigation, and nothing appeared uninteresting which gave me any of the information I wanted. The pleasure which I took in such researches, and in composition, rendered me in a great degree independent of other amusements; and no systematic education could have fitted me for my present course of life so well as the circumstances which allowed me thus to feel and follow my own impulses.'

Miss Tyler's temper and habits grew more and more peculiar as he advances in his boyish years. Her passion for cleanliness is equal to any oddity we meet with in romance:—'That the better rooms might be kept clean, she took possession of the kitchen, sending the servants to one which was underground; and in this little, dark, confined place, with a rough stone floor, and a skylight (for it must not be supposed that it was a best kitchen, which was always, as it was intended to be, a comfortable sitting-room; this was more like a scullery), we always took our meals, and generally lived. The best room was never opened but for company; except now and then on a fine day to be aired and dusted, if dust could be detected there. In the other parlour I was allowed sometimes to read, and she wrote her letters, for she had many correspondents; and we sat there sometimes in summer, when a fire was not needed, for fire produced ashes, and ashes occasioned dust, and dust, visible or invisible, was the plague of her life. I have seen her order the tea-kettle to be emptied and refilled because some one had passed across the hearth



while it was on the fire preparing for her breakfast. She had indulged these humours till she had formed for herself notions of uncleanness almost as irrational and inconvenient as those of the Hindoos. She had a cup once buried for six weeks, to purify it from the lips of one whom she accounted unclean: all who were not her favourites were included in that class. A chair in which an unclean person had sat was put out in the garden to be aired; and I never saw her more annoyed than on one occasion when a man, who called upon business, seated himself in her own chair: how the cushion was ever again to be rendered fit for her use she knew not! On such occasions her fine features assumed a character either fierce or tragic; her expressions were vehement, even to irreverence; and her gesticulations those of the deepest and wildest distress—hands and eyes uplifted, as if she was in hopeless misery, or in a paroxysm of mental anguish.

Our poet is at length fairly placed in Westminster school, where the best story is of James Beresford, the author of the 'Miseries of Human Life.' When he was at the Charter-House, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played truant to attend a concert, the school was so silent without him, that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging. With such little anecdotes, though few so good, this epoch of Southey's life concludes, having given the reader little or no idea of his studies or manner of thinking. Then commence the labours of the son with his entrance into Balliol College, Oxford, in 1793, where he was condemned 'to pay respect to men with great wigs and little wisdom.' Southey began his career by heroically refusing to have his long and curling hair dressed and powdered; and in spite of the astonishment and touching remonstrances of the barber, he actually took his seat in the dining-hall in that state of indecent simplicity. At this time he rose every morning at five to study, eat bread and cheese, and drink negus; and he exclaims, 'Let me have £200 a year, and the comforts of domestic life, and my ambition aspires no further.' 'Never shall child of mine,' says he, 'enter a public school or a university. Perhaps I may not be able so well to instruct him in logic or language, but I can at least preserve him from vice.' In his nineteenth year he completed 'Joan of Arc.' His admiration at this time of Glover's 'Leonidas,' and his classing Voltaire with Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, show the juvenility of his taste; but the biographer quotes largely from his letters without any remark. In 1794 his acquaintance with Coleridge began. The latter had by that time obtained his discharge from the 15th Light Dragoons, in which he had suddenly enlisted as a private; and now, on visiting Oxford, an intimacy sprang up between him and Southey, hastened by the heterodox views of both on the subjects of religion and politics. They formed a plan of emigration to the New World called 'Pantisocracy,' where they meant to establish a sort of Socialist community. Southey's mother appears to have joined in the scheme; but with his aunt its disclosure caused a complete and lasting estrangement, and turned the young philosopher adrift. Coleridge and he tried to keep the wolf from the door by delivering lectures; but Southey was more successful in falling in with a publisher for 'Joan of Arc'—Mr Cottle—who gave him one hundred guineas; and soon after with an uncle, who carried him with him to Lisbon. Southey prepared for this journey by marrying Edith Fricker in 1795. 'Immediately after the ceremony, they parted. My mother wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.'

At Lisbon he learned Spanish and Portuguese; and on returning to England, passed the time till the close of 1796 in writing for the magazines, and working up the contents of his foreign note-books into 'Letters from Spain and Portugal.' On the completion of the task, he sat fairly down in London to the study of the

law, enabled to do so by the generous friendship of a college associate, Mr C. W. W. Wynn, from whom he received for some years an annuity of £160. A few more unimportant letters bring the narrative down to the end of 1798, by which time 'Madoe' was in preparation.

This closes a volume of amusing and interesting materials, mixed with a good deal of rubbish, and the whole roughly and carelessly thrown together, in a form which the compiler has the modesty to tell us is not 'regular biography,' but which, for all that, will pass as such with a great majority of the English critics.

L. R.

#### THE TWO EMPRESSES AND THE ARTIST.

It was the middle of the year 1812, that year the latter months of which witnessed the annihilation of the French army on the plains of Russia. Such a catastrophe was far from the thoughts of a single inhabitant of Paris, when one morning in the month of June the celebrated artist Redouté was on his way to Malmaison to present to the Empress Josephine some paintings of lilies. He was a great favourite with her, from his having devoted his pencil to flowers, of which she was passionately fond. In full enjoyment of the lovely morning, he was gaily crossing the garden of the Tuileries to get to the Place de la Concorde, where he intended taking a coach, when he saw a crowd eagerly hurrying in the direction of the walk by the water-side. The general cry, 'The king of Rome!—the Empress!' soon told him the object of attraction; and the artist quickened his steps, glad of the opportunity, thus by chance afforded him, of seeing the son of the Emperor, the yet cradled child of fifteen months, whom so proud a destiny seemed to await.

It was indeed the king of Rome, in a little carriage drawn by four snow-white goats, and the Empress Maria-Louisa walking by its side. She was wrapped in a blue shawl, of a peculiar shade, known to be her favourite colour. The crowd had gathered outside the grating, around which they pressed closely; and as Redouté stopped to gaze with the rest, he saw standing near him a young woman with a child in her arms. The garb of both bespoke extreme poverty; but the child's face was glowing with health, whilst the cheeks of the mother were pale and emaciated, and from her sunken eyes fell tears, which she cared not either to wipe away or conceal.

'My poor little one!—my darling!' she whispered as she pressed the child still closer to her bosom, 'you have no carriage, my angel; no playthings—no toys of any kind. For him, abundance, pleasure, every joy of his age; for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty, hunger! What is he that he should be happier than you, darling? Both of you born the same day, the same hour! I, as young as his mother, and loving you as fondly as she loves him. But you have now no father, my poor babe; you have no father!'

The artist overheard these words of woe, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the poor young mother, in utter forgetfulness of the king of Rome.

'Madame,' said he, after a moment's hesitation, and in a low voice, 'why do you not make known your situation to the Empress?'

'To what purpose, sir?' cried the young woman somewhat bitterly. 'Small compassion have the great ones of this world.'

'But why not make the attempt?'

'I have done so, sir, already. I wrote to the Empress, and told her that my son was born the same day, the

same hour, with the king of Rome. I told her, alas! that he has no father, that my strength is failing, that we are utterly destitute. But the Empress has not deigned to answer.'

'You will have an answer, rest assured. Perhaps the memorial has not been yet placed before her majesty. Give me your address, I beg of you.' And after taking a memorandum of it, and slipping into her hand all the money he had about him, Redouté was soon rapidly making his way to the Place de la Concorde, where, just as he was stepping into a carriage, he discovered that his purse was empty.

'It is of no consequence,' he said; 'I have only to walk a little fast.'

Josephine, meanwhile, had been eagerly expecting the promised visit of the usually punctual artist, and was beginning to feel uneasy lest some accident had occurred to occasion the prolonged delay, when he was announced.

'I ought to scold you,' she said, as she received with her wonted gentle grace the artist's offering, 'for delaying the pleasure I feel in seeing this admirable drawing.'

'I must throw myself upon your majesty's goodness to excuse me,' answered Redouté rather inconsiderately. 'I had never seen the king of Rome, and to-day I have been fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of him.' Josephine started, and Redouté, instantly aware of the awkwardness of mentioning the meeting, stopped suddenly in confusion.

'I am very glad,' said Josephine, making a strong effort to repress her emotion, 'that you have seen the son of the Emperor. Pray tell me where you saw him, and who was with him?' Redouté hesitated.

'Pray, pray go on,' said she gently, but earnestly. He obeyed; and told her every particular he had observed, as well as what had delayed his arrival by obliging him to walk to Malmaison.

'I see the great artist, as always happens, has a feeling heart,' said Josephine, her sympathy aroused for the poor woman. 'If Napoleon did but know the destitution of this child, born the same day, the same hour with his son! Be with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; we will together visit this poor creature.' And the next morning at nine o'clock Redouté was at Malmaison; and an hour after, Josephine, undeterred by the dark, narrow, muddy passage, and the equally dark, damp stairs, increasing in steepness every step, had entered the wretched apartment, utterly bare of furniture, in the fifth storey, inhabited by the widow of Charles Blanger.

'Madame,' said Redouté, to whom Josephine had made signs to introduce her and the object of their visit, 'you may rest assured that if the Emperor knew your situation, he would give you relief; but there is now no necessity to trouble him. This lady, whom I have the honour to accompany, is good enough to say she will take you under her protection, and her protection is all-sufficient.'

'What a lovely boy!' cried Josephine, as the little orphan sat up in his cradle, and smilingly stretched out his little arms to his mother. 'Redouté,' she said, as she took the child and kissed it, 'did you not tell me that he was born the same day with the king of Rome?'

'The same day and hour, madame,' answered the young mother.

'Was it mentioned to the Emperor at the time?'

'No, madame; we were happy then, and my poor Charles had too independent a spirit to ask anything from any one while he could work. He was an engineer; and though employment fluctuated, yet still we were never reduced to want. At his leisure time he used to construct model-machines, from one of which, novel and ingenious in the invention, he expected both fame and pecuniary advantage; but he has been suddenly taken from me, and I am left alone to struggle with misery and wretchedness. I am sinking lower

and lower, and gradually every resource has been exhausted. Alas, I need not tell you!'—and she glanced sorrowfully around the miserable little apartment.

'To-morrow you shall quit this wretched, unwholesome abode,' said the Empress, as she gave the child to his mother, after fondly caressing him, and putting her purse into his little hand. 'I will send you my own physician; his skill, and the comforts with which I hope to surround you, will restore your health. I rely on you, my good friend,' added she, turning to the artist, 'to arrange all this for me.'

She was rising to quit the room, amid the tears and blessings of the widow, whose heart she had 'made to sing for joy,' when the door opened, and a young lady entered, at sight of whom Redouté stood motionless with astonishment. It was Maria-Louisa, accompanied by a newly-appointed chamberlain. As Maria-Louisa was never known to visit the poor man in his abode of poverty, Redouté had some excuse for the uncharitable judgment he formed on the instant—that this unusual proceeding on her part was intended either as an attempt to rival Josephine in the popularity gained by her active and unwearied benevolence, or to please the Emperor, as proving the lively interest she took in a child born the same day and hour with the king of Rome. But whatever might have been her motive, certain it is that she was now standing in the widow's humble abode without deigning a salutation to any one in it.

Josephine was sweetness and gentleness itself; but there was something in this want of common courtesy that grated upon the pride of caste which, as a Creole of an illustrious race, the wife of the greatest captain of the age, and as one still feeling herself the Empress, she retained amid desertion and the disgrace of her repudiation. It may be, too, that she recognised Maria-Louisa, though she had only seen the portraits of her who now filled her place; and she therefore resumed her seat, as if fearful that her standing might have been construed into homage. Maria-Louisa, on her part, was far from suspecting that the female so simply dressed, so quietly seated in the miserable garret, was her still envied rival.

As the artist glanced from Maria-Louisa to the beautiful face of Josephine—for it was still beautiful, though bearing the impress of grief even more than of years—he observed that an unwonted expression of haughty disdain now clouded that brow, usually so radiant with benevolent kindness, and he half dreaded the result of this unexpected encounter. And now Maria-Louisa, without one caress to the child, or noticing it in anyway, explained in a few words the object of her visit.

'Your intention is most laudable doubtless, madame,' said Josephine, still keeping her seat; 'but you are rather late: the young mother and the child are under my protection.' Maria-Louisa, with a haughty glance at her who thus presumed to address the Empress, said coldly, 'I have some reason to believe that my patronage will be a little more advantageous.' Here the chamberlain quickly interposed, 'It is quite certain that you, madame, have the power of elevating the boy to any position you may choose for him, however high.' With a momentary bitterness of feeling, excited by the involuntary retrospect of what she once had been, Josephine's disdainful eye seemed to measure the speaker from head to foot, as she said, 'And pray, sir, what leads you to conclude that I am not able to raise whom I will still higher?'

'The lady doubtless intends,' said Maria-Louisa in a tone of irony, 'to place her protégé on the steps of the throne.'

'Higher still, madame, if such were my pleasure,' warmly retorted Josephine, now rising to withdraw. 'For aught you can tell, I may have given kings to the world.'

'Beware, madame,' hastily whispered Redouté; 'your majesty will betray yourself, and the Emperor will be

displeased.' Josephine was silent; and the artist, who was upon thorns, hastily added, 'I do not see why either of these ladies need give up her share in the happiness of doing good. I shall feel honoured in accepting for my happy protégés whatever kindness it may please either to bestow upon them.' Josephine made no answer, but with head erect, left the room; and Redouté, respectfully bowing to Maria-Louisa, was following, glad to have prevented an outbreak which might have had serious consequences, when a hand laid upon his arm made him turn round: it was the chamberlain.

'Sir,' said he in a low whisper, 'do you know that the lady whom I have had the honour of attending here is her majesty, the Empress Maria-Louisa?'

'Sir,' answered Redouté in an equally low voice, 'the lady that I have had the honour of attending here is the Empress Josephine.'

In less than two years after this meeting Josephine had sunk under the never-healed wound that Napoleon's desertion had inflicted, and died at Malmaison; and Maria-Louisa had, it may be joyfully, quitted a country which she had never loved, and in which she never succeeded in making herself beloved. During these two years the widow had lived upon the daily bounty of her royal patronesses, and was consequently now as destitute as when they first entered her abode of poverty. In vain had Redouté often placed before Josephine his view of what patronage, to be really useful, ought to be—the helping others to help themselves. In vain had he urged her to establish the widow in some way of earning her independence. 'Time enough for this when the boy is grown up.' But death came, and reverse of fortune, and no friend now remained to the widow and the orphan but the artist, and nought remained to him from the vast wreck but his talent and his reputation. Circumstances might indeed render the productions of his pencil less a source of emolument, but these circumstances were but temporary: the artist would again rise to fame and fortune, while Napoleon and Maria-Louisa had fallen irretrievably.

Redouté acted on the principle he would have had the widow's royal patronesses to act: he procured employment for the widow; and, thanks to his influence, she was enabled to earn sufficient to place her above want, while he took upon himself the education of her child. But the mother's health was failing; and when Redouté, previous to a short absence from Paris, went to take leave of her, she expressed her belief that he would not find her alive at his return, and with tears she solemnly commended her boy to his care. Though he had not attached much weight to her presentiments, yet it was with a somewhat uneasy feeling that, immediately on his return, he went to the house. The door was open; and as he ran up stairs, a sound reached him which struck upon his heart: they were fastening down the coffin of the widow, and in a corner of the room was the little Charles weeping bitterly. Some distant relations stood by the coffin in cold and audible debate as to what was to be done with the child.

'I see nothing for him but the Orphan Asylum,' said one.

'Oh no, no! pray do not send me there,' cried the child. 'My own dear mamma worked for her bread, and so can I. You do not know how much I can do if you will but try me.' At this instant he caught a glimpse of Redouté, and throwing himself into his arms, he exclaimed, 'You are come back, dear, good friend, and you will not send me to the asylum!' The artist pressed the poor boy to his bosom.

'Have you no hearts?' he said, indignantly turning to the relations. 'This boy shall be my care.' And what the most powerful among the powerful had not done, he did—he, the comparatively obscure and humble artist. He secured to his protégé present comfort and future respectability, by teaching him, as soon as possible, to help himself. Charles Blanger became not only his best pupil, but a celebrated painter, making the

same use as his noble-minded master of that knowledge which is power, and of that talent which is one of those possessions described by Aristides in his celebrated maxim, 'Heap up no treasures save those which, should shipwreck come, will float with the owner.'

## TRACINGS OF THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

### TRONDHIEM—VOYAGE TO THE NORTH.

As Trondhiem (or, in the English heterography, *Dron-thiem*) is placed somewhere in the 63d parallel, and therefore about the same latitude with the south of Iceland, an Englishman naturally expects to find it a place of cold and harsh appearance, possibly occupied exclusively by people wearing skin-dresses with the wool innermost. He is somewhat surprised when Trondhiem turns out to be a neat and rather bright-looking town of rectangular streets, composed of nice wooden and brick houses, all of them coloured red or yellow, and as clean as possible, and the greater number showing white gauze curtains, with pretty flowering-plants\* in the windows; while the *pavés* present a display of ladies and gentlemen as well dressed as those of any town of its size (about 14,000 inhabitants) in England. The fact is, Trondhiem is a port of considerable trade, as well as the centre of inland business for the large provinces towards the north; and it has therefore no occasion to be otherwise than a thriving and smart place. With regard to climate, I can testify that, on the 17th of July, it was barely possible to walk the streets during the day on account of the intense heat. The harbour is formed by the embouchure of the river Nid, formerly spoken of.

I had but a single afternoon at this time to devote to an examination of the town. I remarked, however, the number of handsome country mansions surrounding it—the residences of the most considerable merchants. The inspection of the cathedral I left for my return. The central office of the Bank of Norway is here in a plain, modest building at the corner of one of the streets. I remembered that the branch of a Scottish bank at the small town of Stirling is a more imposing structure, but without drawing any inference therefrom against either the resources or the wisdom of the Norwegian directors. As Trondhiem is a place of so much importance, and lies exposed to invasion by sea, it has a large garrison, and is further protected by a small, low fortified island in front called Monksholm. On account of its being the ancient capital, and its possessing—what Christiania wants—a fine old cathedral, the kings of Sweden are here crowned as kings of Norway. So lately as 1834, when Mr Laing visited the place, there were no hotels—only a private lodging, into which strangers could be received. Now there are three hotels, two of which at least are comfortable houses.

Having an introduction to Mr Knudtzen, the English consul, I was invited to go to that gentleman's country-house in the evening. It is a small villa, on the face of a fine slope rising to the east, and scarcely half a mile from town. Such places, I found, are only used during the brief period of summer; for winter life, Mr Knudtzen has an elegant mansion on the quay. This gentleman, and his brother Mr Jorgen Knudtzen, whom I met at my visit, are interesting examples of mercantile men, of studious habits, refined tastes, and high accomplishments. They have a large library, and many fine works of art. Their conversation—and they can converse in a variety of languages—is elegant and instructive. Mr Jorgen Knudtzen has lived much at Rome, where the number of his resident countrymen is usually very small. On his first being there, he soon attracted the regard of the great sculptor, merely because of the connection between Denmark and Norway and the com-

\* I remarked the *Cactaceæ* to be in great favour at Trondhiem, and was amused at the odd figures of some specimens shown in the windows. One is a little surprised to find a South American plant abundant in Norway, albeit in its most Lilliputian form.



munity of their language. They were very friendly together for a number of years. When the sculptor was above fifty, an attachment sprang up between him and a Scottish lady, Miss M. of S.; but the lady's friends, from readily-appreciable motives, interposed so many vexatious delays, that Thorvaldsen at last grew disgusted; and with the advice of his friend, he rescued himself from the unpleasant predicament into which he had been thrown. It was certainly well that this happened, for the Danish Phidias had not acquired the refined habits which would have been demanded in polite English life. It also left his property free to be bestowed upon his country. Here Mr Knudtzen was of a degree of service which should endear his name for ever to Denmark. Thorvaldsen designed to leave such of his works as he possessed, and the bulk of his fortune, to his country; but he was not a man of business habits, and had long put off this duty from time to time, so that it seemed in danger of never being performed at all; in which case, if the sculptor should die at Rome, the authorities there were sure to appropriate nearly everything to themselves. By urging him at proper opportunities, Mr Knudtzen at length induced Thorvaldsen to dictate to his secretary instructions which served for making a proper will; and thus the object so important to Denmark was secured.

Mr Broder Knudtzen possesses at his town-house several beautiful small *alti relievii* by Thorvaldsen; and it certainly is a thing highly reliable to find such objects in so remote a part of the civilised world. These kind-hearted gentlemen were eager to introduce me to an enjoyment of a different kind in a grove near their villa, all the trees of which had been brought from Scottish nurseries. The evening was a more beautiful one than it is at all common to see in England. The gentlemen sat in the open air in front of the house, most of them in very light dresses. By and by we took a walk to the summit of the slope on which the house is situated; and there, at about nine o'clock, enjoyed a beautiful and extensive view of the land and sea scenery around Trondhiem, as well as a magnificent sunset, bathing the opposite hills in a crimson glory. It was difficult to imagine all this as appertaining to Norway. About an hour thereafter I walked into the town: it was now a pale but beautiful twilight. Ten o'clock having struck in the cathedral tower, I heard a strange wild voice suddenly burst forth, with abrupt risings and fallings, and brief intervals of silence, lasting in all about a minute. Such a sound one might have expected to proceed from some prophet warning a sinful people of future wo. It proved to be the cry of the watchman in the church tower, uttering, according to an ancient custom, some Scriptural texts, not exactly to let the people know that all was right about the town, as far as fire and other external dangers were concerned, but to give assurance to the authorities that he was awake, and on the watch lest any such dangers should occur. It is deemed necessary to be thus careful about fire in Trondhiem and other Scandinavian towns, as, being chiefly built of wood, the burning of one house is pretty sure to lead to the conflagration of many. The watchers are enjoined to look out, and proclaim their vigilance at the stroke of every hour and quarter of an hour on the clock during the whole night. To the apprehension of a stranger it is an *eerie* sound; and even after its commonplace explanation, I could never hear it moaning through the calm night-air without a sensation approaching to superstitious awe.

I had this day taken a berth in the *Prinds Gustaf*, a post steamer, which sails once in three weeks during summer from Trondhiem to Hammerfest, calling at many intermediate stations, an invaluable engine of civilisation for the northern provinces of Norway. My design was to visit a district in Norwegian Lapland, not far from the North Cape, where I was aware there were some geological objects of an interesting character, and where it was to be presumed the state of society would prove an interesting study. I contemplated

returning by the next course of the steamer, five weeks hence, and then proceeding on my land journey. Meanwhile my drosky was to be left behind in Trondhiem, as it could be of no use in a country where there are no roads. I was also recommended to leave my servant, as it would be necessary to obtain assistance of a totally different kind in the far north. It was with reluctance that I consented to the latter step, as I felt it to be dangerous for a man to be left idle for so long a time amongst strangers. It seemed, however, unavoidable. For his own advantage, I urged him to use every endeavour to obtain some employment during my absence, assuring him that I should pay his wages and board for the interval with all the more pleasure if he had gained something more from other people. I thought it not impossible that he might obtain a brief engagement from some travelling Englishman, and yet return in time for me; and I therefore left a strong recommendation in his hands, to be shown in case of such a person casting up. Unfortunately he did not obtain any employment whatever during my absence; but he nevertheless spent the time in a manner with which I had no occasion to find fault.

Our voyage commenced next morning (July 18th) at seven o'clock. The first day's sail, after clearing the Trondhiem fiord, was through a succession of straits, bordered on the one hand by little islands, generally little above the sea, and on the other by the mainland, here composed of bare rocky hills, of no great elevation, and generally too much softened by rounding to be very picturesque. The most striking object was a *line of erosion* seen at intervals running along the face of the hills at the height of several hundred feet. This is simply a rough horizontal cut in the rocks, considered by geologists as having been made by the sea at an ancient period, when the land was relatively to the sea several hundred feet lower than at present. M. Keilhau of Christiania has described such objects as being traceable in various parts of the Norwegian coast; and I had marked one, on the hills overlooking Trondhiem to the westward, of which I hoped to be able to measure the elevation on my return.

The steamer is one of moderate dimensions, but conducted in a creditable manner. There is a cabin of the size of a good parlour, where three meals are served up each day: *fröcost*, or breakfast, at nine, consisting of fish, eggs, bread and butter, with coffee or beer; *mid-dag*, or dinner, about three, comprising several good dishes, and always followed by a cup of coffee; *afteensmat*, or supper, at eight, consisting of little dishes of raw salmon and herrings, slices of tongue and ham, bread, cheese, and butter, with which can be had coffee or tea, as well as beer. With each of these meals there is presented a bottle of corn brandy—a liquor nearly as sweet and tempting as the cordial called *kümmel*—and of this every native gentleman takes a glass before his meal. But I observe that these persons very seldom order even a single glass of wine, though very good sherry and Madeira, as well as French wines, are to be had. There are two active waiters, besides a stewardess who attends without. The captain presides, a perfectly gentlemanlike man, bearing rank in the Norwegian navy, able to speak English, and of unfailing good-humour and civility. His lieutenant is a younger man, also bearing a commission, speaking still better English, and altogether very much like an English naval officer, which indeed is the less surprising, as he actually did serve for some time in the English navy. Then there is another officer, whose duty it is to attend to the posts, but unluckily he speaks only his own language. Behind the sitting-cabin is one lighted from the stern, containing ten beds for passengers. There is also a ladies' cabin, but of smaller dimensions. The passengers are mostly Norwegians—very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen in the cabin, and very plain-looking poor people in the fore-part of the vessel, who seem to depend for their meals chiefly upon certain light boxes of their own, stored with rye-bread, cheese, and butter. Among

the latter are two *Quaens*, and in them I see for the first time examples of what may be called the savage people of Europe. They are dressed in skin tunics, with caps, leggings, and shoes of the same material. Simple, inoffensive people they appear to be; but I am told that they have been at Trondhiem undergoing punishment for some offence against the laws. The term *Quaens*, it may be remarked, is one applied in the north of Norway to certain *émigrés*, who have come within the last few years in considerable numbers from Finland, since it became a province of Russia. They are not very readily to be distinguished from the Laplanders amongst whom they have settled.

During the first day's sail, after clearing the fiord, there were hardly any appearances of population on the coast. Only here and there is a softer and greener spot, or a sheltered nook, where man has obtained a footing. There are, nevertheless, a few landing-places, implying a population in the interior, and, what indicates the same thing, one or two *handelsmen's* establishments. These are shops for retail business in the necessities of life: they are conducted by licensed traders, who have each a certain district assigned to him, within which no other person is entitled to sell certain articles. The arrangement is of the nature of a monopoly, and is perhaps attended with some of the usual effects; but it was thought to be unavoidable in Norway, in order to induce respectable men to plant themselves in such wildernesses. Whatever be the character of the *handelsman's* trade, it was pleasant, on turning some corner of the land, to come upon his clean yellow or red house, with its wooden wharf stepping out from the rock into the calm sea, and its cheerful flag flying from some prominent crag near by—even though it might be impossible to discern a single patch of cultivable ground, or so much as grass for a goose or a kid within miles around. There was always a stir about the place when the steamer approached, and generally a boat put off to bring or receive passengers. One can of course imagine the passing of the *Prinds Gustaf* to be the grand event of the three weeks for those who live near its course. I observed once or twice, where no house was visible, a group of children, with one or two grown females, seated on the top of a bank or rock overlooking the sea, apparently waiting merely to behold the transit of this tri-weekly wonder, as, after we had passed, they were seen rising and turning slowly away towards their homes.

A pause of several hours took place on the second morning at Gutvig, on account of the post; and a young English tourist, who landed to see the country, brought back to me a report that he had seen shells a good way from the shore, and at some height above the sea. As we went on to-day, the scenery of the mainland improved in grandeur, and patches of snow among the mountains became more abundant. The sea, protected by islands on the left, continued perfectly calm. Of its general tranquillity we have an infallible token in the arrangement of the wooden wharves at the merchants' establishments. These structures advance into the sea, resting on piles, with no bulwark to protect them from the dash of the waves—thus implying that there is at no time here any such violent action on the coast as we are accustomed to see in the British Islands. Many small vessels passed us, stuffed full and piled high with dried fish, of the odour of which we were sensible at a great distance. These were emissaries of the important fisheries of the Lofoden Isles, and were proceeding to Bergen, the grand entrepôt whence this article is exported to the Catholic communities along the Mediterranean. Between ten and eleven we passed the rocky island of Torget, remarkable for a perforation which passes from one side to the other. It is a hill above 1000 feet in height, and this aperture is about half-way up. Probably a soft stratum has been worn on both sides by the sea when at this level, till a complete perforation was effected.

At three in the afternoon the steamer stopped at

Tiötto, to land a young gentleman, the eldest son of the proprietor of that and some neighbouring islands. He had been two years from home on his travels, and now he was to return to the paternal dome. The ship being a little in advance of its proper time, the captain agreed to make a brief pause; and the kind-hearted young man invited the cabin passengers to land with him, and spend an hour at his father's house: an offer which I for one gladly embraced, as it was important for me to see as much as possible of domestic life in Norway. Imagine us, then, proceeding in boats towards a low island of rock alternating with green sward, amidst a panorama of the stern gray mountains of the district. Young Brodtkorb goes by himself in the first, eager to get to land, where a middle-aged gentleman, and one or two other persons, are seen waiting to receive him. The youth jumps ashore, and rushes into the arms of his father. All is a charming excitement in the little group. As we successively come ashore, we are introduced to the elder Mr Brodtkorb, a fine, amiable-looking person, in externals very much like a Scotch laird, being dressed in a black frock-coat and a white hat, bearing also, however, in his hand the ordinary inseparable companion of a Norwegian gentleman of his years—a long pipe of horn and ebony. We then advanced to the house, which stood at no great distance, and proved to be a very good wooden mansion, with the grass growing up to the very door. The day had been cool at sea, but we felt it warm here. Within the porch was a good-looking, middle-aged lady, the stepmother of our young fellow-passenger, freshly dressed for the occasion in a brown silk gown and gay cap, and surrounded by the younger branches of the family. From her we all received a most polite greeting. We were then ushered, twenty strong, into two uncarpeted rooms; for so are the rooms of the best houses in Norway during summer, carpets being only used in winter. In one, besides other furniture, was an old Clementi pianoforte; in the other a good historical picture by a native artist, representing the murder of King Haco by a monk: a picture, by the way, of fine rich effect. Coffee was served, pipes were smoked, and conversation indulged in, the host speaking a little English to myself and two other Englishmen present. I afterwards learned that he had received part of his education at the university of Edinburgh. We were told that he is an affluent proprietor, and I felt interested in getting a peep of the domestic state of such a family in this district of Norway. The simplicity, united with education and good manners, recalled the pleasant pictures which Johnson and Boswell give of the life and state of the Hebridean gentry—the Macleans and Macleods of seventy years ago; pictures which, I may remark, are rapidly attaining a historical value. Unaffected kindness beamed in the faces of all towards the strangers, and when we came away, they accompanied us to our boats, and stood in a group upon the grassy shore, even till our figures on the vessel's deck must have ceased to be discernible. I felt the pleasing effect of social good-will, even without the charm of conversation, and parted with the shores of Tiötto with regret, half-melancholy to think that I should see these worthy people no more.

In the course of the afternoon we passed the Seven Sisters, a mountain with seven peaks or elevated masses, very sterile and grand, and telling with the effect of their whole height, as they rise direct from the water's edge. We passed also a great crowd of fish-sloops from the Lofoden Isles, laden full and high, and with the national flag flying merrily from each stern. They give the idea of a great traffic. The weather was now so temperate, that we could sit on deck for hours, observing these and other objects, and indulging in the meditations which they were fitted to excite. Strangely-various thoughts will arise in such circumstances. I reflected on the enterprise of man, which makes these desolate shores a scene of industry, and consequently a seat of civilised and respectable existence. And then an idea came into my mind to regard the stars and



planets as ships sailing in the sea of heaven, ever along and along on their appointed voyages, freighted with Enjoying and Suffering, hearts dancing and hearts breaking, but knowing little of the beginning or end of their course.

At a particular place, after passing the island of Vogten, I observed a long line of small uninhabited isles outside of our course, all of them so low upon the water as to form merely one thin line. Here is, I should suppose, a proof of the power of the sea to wear down to its own level rocks which may have previously been a little above it—for we cannot well imagine that through any other cause so lengthened a series of rocks was originally of this uniform height.

About ten in the evening we passed the Arctic Circle. The sun was setting in splendour; the air was so mild as not to demand gloves on our hands as we paced the deck; I could even trace the glimmer of the land-tide between us and the sunset sky. How different all these particulars from our ordinary associations with the frigid zone! We English remarked it with surprise, and one added, pointing to a well-dressed old gentleman who sat on deck eternally smoking his pipe, 'There is a clergyman—I am told his cure is at Bodö, a little farther on—you could not have supposed, from his appearance, that he lives in a place where, for a portion of the year, the sun does not rise! His remote situation seems to affect him very little.' We were all of opinion, for the five-hundredth time, that really things of the most unpleasant report are apt to appear not quite so bad upon actual acquaintance.

Nearly about the same time we passed a remarkably-shaped mountain called the Hestman, situated on an island close on our left. The name of this mountain, signifying the Horseman, refers to the shape, which is that of a man on horseback, with his cloak falling to the crupper behind him. Seen as it was by us in the twilight, and in so lonely and desolate a region, we felt how apt it would be to inspire superstitious ideas in a primitive people: it was not therefore surprising to learn that there is a popular tale referring to the Hestman. He was, it is said, a magician, who loved a maiden far to the south at Leköe. Being informed that she rejected him, he, in his wrath, launched a javelin at her, which, after perforating Torget, and producing the hole still seen in that mountain, slew the girl as she sat spinning at her door. A rock, something like a human figure, is pointed out on Leköe as the body of the slain maiden. As for the Hestman, he was changed with his horse into stone, and condemned to remain a monument of his own wickedness to all time. I was curious to ascertain the actual character of the object, and soon perceived that it was produced by a very ordinary geological arrangement—namely, a mass of strata thrown up on an inclination, with the broken edges forming a bold irregular escarpment. A knob-like mass accidentally left at top represented the horseman's head; the straight dip of the strata away from below this point gave the appearance of the falling cloak; while some irregularities in the escarpment passed very well for the horse's head and ears. The felicity of all these particulars in making up so familiar a figure was nevertheless curious, and this was still further increased by a certain angular mass below, not unlike the hind-limb of a horse. As a curiosity, the Hestman may be classed with those sections of marbles and agates in which, aided by the strong imaginations of lapidaries, we are taught to trace landscapes and profiles of the Duke of Wellington.

At six next morning (July 20) we came to a pause in front of Bodö, a mere handful of houses situated on a rocky shore, yet a place of some local consequence, on account of its being the only thing like a town on the coast of Norway throughout a space as great as from London to Aberdeen. We all rose under the excitement of the event, and gazed with interest on the little village, with its huge wooden wharf advancing into the sea, its three or four good houses, where dwell the

authorities of the district and one or two merchants, and its cluster of meaner abodes; all of them backed by a range of stern, but partially-wooded mountains. Some passengers were to land here, including the fine-looking old clergyman, and also a young and handsome widow, who, we were told, was about to contract a second marriage in this remote corner of the earth. The post, too, was to be attended to, and would cause a delay of several hours, during which we were all at liberty to go ashore. I agreed with two English fellow-passengers—gentlemen in quest of salmon-fishing and shooting—to have a ramble in the neighbourhood of Bodö. I found a considerable tract of flat ground, covered with thin peat, and having boulders scattered about. About a mile and a-half inland was the parish church, with a comfortable *prestegard* or parsonage close by, affording additional proof that there might be tolerable life within the Arctic Circle. The end of the church adjacent to the road contained a sculptured gravestone, which had originally had a place on the ground, as the monument of a pastor of Bodö of the era of our Commonwealth. His figure, carved at full length in the centre of the stone, was curious as a memorial of the costume of that time. Behind the church, the plain is confined between ranges of rock, and here we found that the ground to a considerable depth is composed of a mass of shells. Two pits are opened, from which supplies are taken to form and mend the roads. There is in these pits nothing but shells—cockles, mussels, whelks, limpets of a minute size, &c.—generally entire and fresh, as if they had only been deposited in the sea at some recent date. Many of the bivalves continue to have their two pieces lying against each other, indicating the calm state of the sea in which they were laid down. As in all similar cases throughout Scandinavia, these shells are identical as species with the molluscs now living in the neighbouring sea. I knew this to be the general fact, and afterwards obtained special proof of its being true in this instance, when I had an opportunity of submitting specimens to a distinguished naturalist at Upsala. Finding among the shells certain minute calcareous objects like the spines of sea-urchins (*echini*), I searched on the shore for the recent shells of such animals, and found, by the use of a good glass, that the spines which they bear are precisely the same as those of the shell-pits. There is also very common on the present shores a class of calcareous objects called *nullopors*; once thought to be remains of corallines, but now regarded as inorganic concretions. Of these the raised beds of Bodö contained numerous examples. Over the shell-deposits was a thin layer of sand, and the highest surface of the ground appeared, on a rough measurement, very nearly 100 feet above the sea.

Coming to a hamlet composed of poor people's cottages, we entered one in quest of a draught of milk. The interior was dirty, and the aspect of the women by no means interesting. An old sickly woman, of appearance superior to the rest, sat at a little table partaking of coffee, which surprised us, as it was just one o'clock. She took the beverage in a peculiar way, which I believe was once practised in Scotland; that is to say, first putting a piece of sugar-candy into her mouth, and then taking a sip of the coffee.

Bodö has some privileges as a commercial station, and has been looked to as a place likely to rise to importance in connection with the Lofoden fishings, for which it is a convenient entrepôt. Somehow it has not as yet fulfilled the expectations formed of it, or answered the views of the government by which it was patronised. Some years ago, an English company settled here under favour of the government, and great things were expected. After a short time, it was accused of smuggling to an astounding extent, and a vast quantity of contraband goods was seized and put into the customhouse, from which they were afterwards extracted in a mysterious manner. I am afraid that the whole story of this mercantile settlement is one little

calculated to advance the credit of the English name among the people of Norway.

During the afternoon and evening's sail the scenery assumed a wild grandeur beyond what it had hitherto displayed. The distant range of Lofoden Isles, on which the sun was descending in splendour, was exceedingly grand; not so much from their loftiness—for they are seldom above 3000 feet high—as from the tremendous rugged or serrated outline. On the land side are many remarkable peaks, springing up, bare and stern, from the general mass of the mountain-ground: one slope I observed to be at an angle of not less than 66 degrees, and therefore, I presume, inaccessible to human foot. Patches of snow rest on these Alps, generally a good way down, giving a wintry air to the scenery, and therefore much at issue with the sensations we experienced under a temperature that would have done honour to Italy.

Next day was one of incessant sailing. In the forenoon we approached the straits between the Lofoden Isles and the mainland. I remarked here that the rocks appear less rounded than they are farther south, and examples of debris resting against them began to be seen. The upper portions of the hills have evidently not been subjected to the wearing influence of the ice of ancient times, for they stand up in all their primitive roughness. On the island of Hindøe, which we pass on the left, I observed, for the first time since leaving the neighbourhood of Trondhiem, traces of those markings on the coast which indicate a former relative level of sea and land different from the present. We here see two faint lines along the face of the island, one of them apparently about 50 feet high, the other nearly 100 feet higher. The same objects are more faintly traceable on the mainland. I had afterwards, in returning, an opportunity of observing these objects in a more distinct form at Trondenaes, the northern extremity of the island. There is here a pleasant mixture of hill and valley, amidst which appears a mercantile station called Rastabhavn, together with a church, while the picturesqueness of the scene is increased by a little rough isle in front called Maagøe. The two lines here cross both the rough and the soft slopes, leaving in the former a section of rock, on the latter an indented bank. On Maagøe the uppermost of the two appears in the form of a deep horizontal cut in the rough summit of the island—a cut which has shorn through the inclined strata generally, but left a few hard pieces standing up in columnar fashion, exactly as we see in the case of the harder strata presented on a rocky beach of our own era. On the neighbouring coasts of the mainland the same two lines appear more or less clearly marked. I subsequently ascertained that they are also visible in Raft Sund, on the south-west side of Hindøe, in latitude 63 degrees 20 minutes, being the most southerly point to which I have traced them.

From Hindøe northward, the shores appear to be more populous, for we now begin to take in a considerable number of passengers, who leave us again, perhaps, a station onward. My untravelled fellow-countrymen will be curious to learn what sort of people these were, who live and move in the first circle of the frigid zone. The answer is—men with good superfine black clothes, respectable blue cloaks, and tolerable hats; women in coloured prints or black silks, with gauze bonnets and parasols: such people as one would take for clergymen and mercantile men, and clergymen's and mercantile men's wives, if met in a steamer in our own country. While pausing at a place called Ibbestad, I observed, for the first time, the movements of the medusæ, which haunt these northern seas in great numbers. The graceful march of the animal in its proper element is in striking contrast with its aspect, as it lies a mass of, to all appearance, scarcely-organized blubber on the beach. We also observed in the clear water numerous specimens of an animal of still greater beauty, the beroc, which, though little more than an organized sack, casts,

as it moves along, an iridescent glitter along its body, like a flash of the light of gems mixed with gold. I should think, were it possible to keep this creature in ponds or crystal globes, it would soon put goldfish out of fashion. Towards the close of this, the fourth evening of our voyage, I observed three terraces extending for a considerable way on Anderjøs Island, all apparently under 100 feet, and therefore seemingly a different system from the others. We went to bed betimes, expecting to be roused at an early hour next morning opposite the town of Tromsø, our stoppage at which for a day was expected to be of an enlivening tendency.

R. C.

## OUT OF WORK.

BY A WORKING MAN.

WHAT a dreary phrase! How suggestive of hungry cravings and empty cupboards—of restless wanderings to and fro—of gloomy certainties and gloomier anticipations! How it disturbs a man's relations with society! You have lost a vantage-ground. That which a week ago was possible is now impossible. You are become a pariah without intending it; and you eye squalid people with a sort of shudder, half-persuaded that ere long you will be of them. How grudging and envious the world seems to have grown! You fancy that every one is as well aware of your feelings as you are yourself, and whatever discourse may be addressed to you sounds as if pointed with an embittered sting.

Nothing to do is bad enough; but out of work!—hope-stifling words—takes us far beyond, even across the Rubicon of desperation. And yet it is something to know what the phrase really does mean. It is a test to which you look back with feelings similar to those which possess the survivor of a shipwreck or other fearful calamity. You would avoid the trial if possible; but having gone through it, are rather glad than otherwise at having endured it. Such retrospections, it may be said, are not congenial, yet it appears to me that human experience, if reviewed in a right spirit, can hardly fail to convey a useful lesson to those who read its history. My remarks are prompted by what has happened to myself, and may on that account, if on no other, present some slight claims to notice.

Out of work!—how the grim reality haunts you, and how vain the efforts to shake it off! Then you understand fully why Keats speaks of sleep as 'comfortable,' and join heartily with Sancho Panza in 'blessings on the man who invented sleep.' The approach of bedtime was as welcome to me then as to a travel-worn pedestrian, and I shall never forget the soothing charm as the unconsciousness of sleep gradually stole over me. Its influence would remain for a few brief moments on first awaking the next morning; but presently a vague apprehension of some impending ill would creep over me, and then, when fully awake, my heart swelled with one huge choking throb and the leaden gloom settled down on my mind for the rest of the day.

How the moral reacts on the physical! I used to walk briskly; now I went about with a hesitating step, and with a bearing that threatened to degenerate into a slouch. I once believed my principles firm, and my faith in essential points sound—that my mind was made up as to social rights and moral duties—but the anchor-hold had suddenly given way, and I was adrift on a sea of uncertainties. I began to fancy myself ill-used, and that he was the wisest who, in the general scramble, grasped most. What had I done to be thus summarily deprived of ways and means, while men whom I thought not half so deserving were in full work! It was a hard ques-

tion to answer under the circumstances, and harder still to acknowledge that I had no right to complain. Again, how many there were who could live in ease and comfort without laborious toil, while I, at the best of times, had nothing but my manual skill and a week's wages between my little household and destitution. Turn it which way I would, the idea was a harassing one. The new spirit that possessed me seemed endowed with a relentless power of gravitation.

Society, in my view, had become inordinately selfish: how cleverly it had entrenched itself within laws and statutes, so that if I—bodingly anxious without the pale—ventured to help myself to the superabundance of others, it would be under peril of liberty. What right had society to make a law which seemed expressly intended to aggravate my necessitous condition? Was I not the victim of a wanton injustice? Such thoughts as these make the work of temptation very easy for the tempter. Whatever might be society's notions on the matter, mine were, that retaliatory measures would be perfectly justifiable.

I walked about—it seemed to me that I sneaked—seeking for work. The masters surely had leagued against me; how, otherwise, could be explained their malicious negative to my inquiries? There was the roar and bustle of life and traffic in the thoroughfares, which made me loathe my forced idleness. I had no business there; I was one too many in the world. How the aspect of affairs had altered! When in full work, I had not unfrequently considered it a hardship to work so many hours every week for so comparatively small a remuneration. Now, in retrospect, the wage appeared an enviable fortune. Unconsciously to myself I was learning a significant lesson, fraught with profound instruction. Could I have appreciated it then as I do now, what a load of heartache it would have spared me!

Staying at home became irksome to me: home appears somewhat strange to a workman on a working-day, and although my perambulations might be fruitless, it seemed that I was less idle when so occupied than when loitering within doors. Some mornings a faint revival of hope would make me feel certain of getting work in the course of the day, and I started forth animated by all my former confidence. Unsubstantial trust! The first disappointment brought back all my irresolution, all my bitter forebodings. I had made up my mind to brave it out, but the effort was too much for me. By a strange contradiction, too, notwithstanding my eager desire to be again employed, there were times that I shrunk from the thought of work as an owl shuns the sunlight.

How often the few remaining dollars were counted!—this was in New York. I despised myself for calculating on how little my family could be made to exist for a given time. My heart grew hard, and I often shuddered lest it should never soften again. How slowly time passed! the days had grown longer on purpose to torment me, and the thousand bewildering thoughts that preyed upon me had ample leisure for their work.

*Facilis descensus averni*: the phrase is as true now as when originally penned two thousand years ago. When first cast loose, I had felt sure of readily obtaining employment in my regular trade; the idea of condescending to inferior occupation was not to be for a moment entertained; it would damage my respectability, and disturb my self-esteem. But as the weary time wore on, the imperative necessity of providing food for a certain number of mouths every day left no alternative, no possibility of over-scrupulousness in conventionalities. Respectability soon ceased to be a bugbear; if cabinet-making was not to be had, I would take carpentry or jobbing-work. These

failing, I next called on the shipwrights, but with no better success; and then I bethought myself of trying other resources. It had always been one of my purposes and pleasures to see as much of other trades as possible, to visit and inspect all sorts of workshops, by which means their most obvious details had become familiar to me. I knew enough of shoemaking, bookbinding, printing, and some other trades, to be able to earn small wages at any one of them. Should these also fail, it was all but certain that some sort of rude labour could be hunted up, which would furnish at least a pittance till more prosperous days came round again. My heart often failed me while following out this new quest, yet I did at last get through my task of seeking any kind of work. In some respects it was a repulsive task, for in the lower grade of shops and places of work I found a lower class of workmen; men on whom vice had set its mark, in whom depravity of mind and heart had become habitual, whose talk was as coarse as their looks. 'Misery,' says Shakespeare, 'acquaints a man with strange bedfellows,' and the dread of being compelled to mingle with debased associates increased my apprehensions. Necessity, however, has no law; a needy man must work, if not where he would, then where he can. It is a critical time; for there is more or less danger that contact and custom may lead a man to 'put up' with his altered position, and gradually assimilate himself to it. Many a man in such circumstances is apt to say, 'What's the use of trying to keep a fair front to the world? Who cares whether I sink or swim? Let things take their course.' However, on the occasion here more particularly referred to, my asking for work proved fruitless; whether it was that I looked too dejected or too unpractised, no one would employ me.

Who shall describe the prostration of heart and soul with which a man who has been wandering the whole day in a vain seeking for occupation returns at nightfall to his home? The dispiriting is occasionally so extreme, that for a time the solaces which there await him fail of their effect. It is in such circumstances that a man learns to appreciate rightly the value of a good wife: one to whom he can say with truth—

'When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.'

If she be kind and considerate, she will know that now is the time to display that affection which includes no thought of self in its warm desire for another's happiness. True it is that she has her own share of the general trouble to bear; but she has not been worn out by a desponding walk; the rebuffs which solicitation seldom fails to evoke have not fallen on her personally; besides which, women are less irritated by adverse fortune than men. If, on such occasions, the wife will strive in sincerity to become a 'ministering angel,' how soon will her gentle words soothe the chafed spirit of her husband! With what blessedness her sympathy reanimates his hope and subdues his impatience! How his bitter thoughts take to flight as she suggests some comforting anticipation, and a brightening faith takes the place of despair! Ere long, the sustaining influences overmaster him, his children again claim his notice, and share his smile, and the dejected man finds in the light of home a solace for all his disquietude: so true is it that there is no condition of life without its bright side, no adverse circumstance without its compensating quality. Herein the married man is more favourably situated than the unmarried—the one has a sustaining resource which the other knows nothing of. But, on the other hand, no fate can be more deplorable than that of a man out of work with a comfortless home, a careless wife, and contumacious children.

It must be confessed that the general aspect of such a season of trial as above indicated is sufficiently discouraging: the downward tendency appears to be inevitable. But there is a remedy; and this remedy is to be found in the spirit of self-reliance—in firm moral principle. And it will be a lasting satisfaction to me that I was enabled to apply this remedy, as a fragment of my experience may serve to exemplify. The mental and physical con-



dition which I have endeavoured to portray in the foregoing paragraphs was not permanent—it was but the stunning effect which the natural reaction would presently dissipate.

One evening, after a long spell of involuntary idleness, I was seated thinking over my prospects, when all at once the thought struck me, 'If no one will employ you, set yourself to work.' No sooner was the thought formed, than I started up to act upon it: one side of our kitchen was occupied by my bench; I got it into working trim, sharpened my tools, and sawed a pair of ends for a chiffonier out of a mahogany slab which I had by me. These were planed up and properly squared before I went to bed that night; and wondrous was the effect which manual labour produced. 'Fling but a stone, the giant dies,' says the poet, and most truly; for as my limbs fell into their accustomed movements, and the shavings whistled from my plane, the anxious cares forsook me—and hope resumed her sway, strong in the vigour of self-help. It is true the prospect of profit was but slender. That, however, was not the prime advantage, which lay in the restoration of my mind to its healthy tone; still, in a large city purchasers are always to be found for fabricated wares, and a small gain is better than complete inaction. Besides which, a man who keeps himself employed is more ready to improve such opportunities as fall in his way, than one whose working habits are weakened by disuse.

Idleness is by all means to be eschewed, and I would urge this point strongly on the attention of working-men—my late companions. The resource which I adopted is such an obviously natural one, as to have since caused me much surprise that it did not occur to me with distinctness before the second week of my wanderings. And mine is no exceptional case; what I did may be done by others. There are few trades at which a man cannot work at his home—that is, if he has the will to do so. If he will only exercise a proper thrift while in work, he will not lack the means of purchasing materials on which to employ himself when necessity compels. Let those who may feel disposed to undervalue such apparently insignificant means remember that it is easier to obey a fixed habit, than to recover it if broken or lost; and no purpose, however slight, is to be despised which may serve to keep a man out of the way of evil associates or temptation. It would be well, also, if every artificer would learn something of other trades as well as his own, as he would thereby not only multiply his resources, but be better able to judge of fitting occupations for his children.

There is no reason either, as I afterwards had occasion to prove, why the days spent in looking for work should be altogether wasted. For, without losing sight of the main chance, I took occasion to visit the noteworthy parts of the city, public buildings, wharfs, docks, and, whenever practicable, factories and workshops. Nor did I confine myself to the town, but walked a few miles in various directions into the country, where, if nothing else was to be seen, there was always natural scenery, whose influence on the mind is ever quieting and elevating.

Lastly, in integrity of character consists the most potential remedy; it is the spring of all the rest. It is that which gives and maintains the energising impulse. A wise writer has observed that 'a straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in geometry.' And so it is, even in a calculative point of view. The steady, honest workman is less exposed to loss of work or dismissal than he who has no settled conviction as to what is right or wrong; he is better able to keep money in his pocket, and to provide for his children. Here is so much clear gain; but when we come to higher views, how immeasurably superior does moral rectitude appear—that which springs from the soul, and aims at something beyond mere pecuniary advantage! And such a condition of mind and heart is possible to every man. I would endeavour to impress it on all who shall read what I have here written, as an unfailing resource throughout the changeful circumstances of life. Possessed of that spirit of eternal justice which does as it would be done unto, a

man will find that 'out of work' is divested of half its bitterness, while a double blessing attends the sweets of prosperity.

## FURNITURE.

LET us offer a word respecting the history of those articles of furniture most commonly seen in our dwellings.

First of all, we address ourselves to the subject of the *table*. Of all furniture, the table is unquestionably an article of the oldest and most universal use; the earliest provision for convenience, and the first servant of sociability, its name has long been synonymous with good-fellowship and festive society. Most readers have at least heard of the legends of the Round Table, and they are diffused throughout the nursery literature of Europe. The *brod*, or board, of our Saxon ancestors continues to be a synonyme for official authority vested in a small number, doubtless from the ancient and convenient habit of assembling round a table for the transaction of business—as we still say the Board of Trade or the Board of Excise. The table—for there was but one in the hall of a Saxon thane in the ninth century—was a rude fixture, formed by means of posts sunk in the floor, and supporting cross beams, on which were laid thick planks, sawn from the forest oak, bearing little resemblance to the dark, polished mahogany of our own day, though employed for similar purposes. It had no covering, but was well supplied with wooden dishes, trenchers, and drinking-horns; and the circumstance was regarded not only as disgraceful, but ominous to the household, if a stranger ever saw them empty. The Asiatics, with the exception of the Chinese and Japanese, make comparatively little use of tables—their perpetual custom of sitting on mere cushions or carpets renders such articles generally superfluous. When at all employed, they are small, and very portable, rather for ornament than use. Among the Algerines, before their code of manners was altered by the French invasion, it was etiquette for every individual at a social party to have a little table for his own special service, and always to turn his back on the rest of the company when eating.

It is worthy of note, in the study of popular impressions, that ideas of commanding state have always been associated with a sitting posture. Dignity, as well as rest, has been attached to it in the eyes of every nation; and a natural desire for both has contributed to multiply and improve varieties of the seat kind, from the unhewn block of granite to the canopied and gilded throne. The kind made use of in our domestic economy generally occupy a happy medium between those great extremes; but the *chair*, of one sort or other, has long been a common article of furniture. It is the mainstay of the household, and has done duty on all occasions, among every class, for centuries, varying, indeed, much in its decorations and covering materials, as antiquated specimens will avouch. Yet, strange to say, the handsomest chairs of a modern drawing-room are exactly represented in the bas-reliefs of the old Etrurians, a people who flourished in Italy before the building of Rome, and are believed to have been the inventors of this useful support to both business and leisure. Indispensable as it now appears to British sitters, the use of the chair is of comparatively late revival in Europe. For the ordinary purposes of life, it was almost unknown till about the close of the seventeenth century. With many other appliances of private life, with which the Etrurians are said to have been acquainted, it passed away with that ancient and ingenious people. In the classic times, princes, or great officials, alone used chairs on solemn occasions, on which account their expression of 'the chair,' to denote a place of authority, was transmitted to modern nations. With these exceptions, sitting was but little practised in the classic world, reclining on mats or couches being the established custom even at meals; and similar habits still prevail

throughout the warmer climates. The more robust fashion of raised seats was introduced by those hardy northern tribes who overthrew the Roman empire, and from whom the greater part of Europe's present inhabitants are descended: but the chair was a step beyond their civilisation; and for several ages, a three-legged stool, the upper part being formed of a circular block, cut from the round of some great tree, was their highest effort in that department. Cowper, in a poem on the most prosaic subject ever selected by the Muse—for it happens to be the sofa—tells us, with historical warrant, that

'On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,  
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realm;'

and traces the progress of that primitive article, age after age, even as the generations of sitters progressed; till, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, it appeared in the haunts of rank and fashion, square, with four carved supporters and a leathern cushion.

In much earlier times, for the behoof of kings and other dignitaries, attempts were made at the chair, which would create more surprise than admiration in a furniture-warehouse of the present day.

The chair of King Dagobert, who reigned in France about the middle of the seventh century, was presented to him by a rich jeweller of his dominions (who, be it observed, was also its fabricator), and celebrated by all the chroniclers as a miracle of art. It consisted of a large seat fixed between the figures of two grotesque animals, evidently copied from distorted mythology, and overlaid with gold, of which precious metal the chair was said to contain more than the king's treasury could boast; but no back was thought of: the occupants being expected to sit in dignified erectness, under a narrow canopy of gilt scroll-work, which the figures on each side supported.

The chair of Bede, the Saxon bishop and historian, illustrates the state of the domestic arts among our English ancestors of the same age. It was simply a long narrow box without a lid, formed of rough boards, nailed together, and set upright, with a shelf near the lower end, on which the good bishop sat; while at the upper extremity the sides were sloped off, probably for the free admission of light and air. The royal seat occupied on gala days by Edmund Ironside—who so bravely defended his kingdom, but was at length obliged to divide it with the invading Danes—was formed of two massive and elaborately-carved beams of oak, crossing each other in the form of the letter X; two of the ends formed the supports, and where the beams crossed, a cushion was fastened for the king. It must be remembered that those described were the ancient representations of royal and episcopal thrones; but older and ruder specimens existed in almost every land, more profoundly respected by chronicle and tradition, doubtless because connected with the earliest memories of nations. The boast and pride of the O'Neils of Ulster, in the twelfth century, was a solid block of whinstone, hewn into a rough resemblance of one of our common chairs. The coronation seat of the Scottish kings, which Edward III. carried off in triumph from Scone, had cost less trouble in its formation; but soon after James VI.'s succession to the English crown, a writer on Scottish history adroitly reminded the public of the traditional prophecy regarding it—

'The Scots shall brooke that realm as native ground,  
If weirs faile not, where'er this chayre is found.'

Chairs came into ordinary use among the nobility of France and Italy about the days of Francis I.; and the old ideas of dignity continued to twine so firmly round the article, that the possession of one in a public assembly was considered as evincing a rank superior to that of the merely stool-seated, and was therefore a mark of distinction for which gentlemen, ay, and ladies, contended as earnestly as they did in later times for precedence.

It is curious that the arm-chair was the form that

first became general at the period referred to, and from it those of the French Academy are said to have been modelled. Perhaps the most amusing tribute to the utility of the chair was paid by a king of one of the Pacific islands visited by La Perouse: being on friendly terms with that great, though luckless navigator, he had inspected the cabin of his vessel, and received the expected presents; but, with extraordinary liberality, his majesty offered to return them all, a hatchet and looking-glass included, to his brother the captain, on condition of being presented with a chair; which, he said, was the one thing requisite to complete his splendour, as the stone on which he sat when dispensing justice, or exhibiting his regal state, had no support for the back, and was apt to get warm in the sun.

*Carpets* are of undoubtedly Eastern origin, though the only countries in which their use is now general are two of the most westerly—namely, Britain and the United States of America. To no other people do they appear so indispensable. Our continental neighbours content themselves with covering a portion of their apartments when the thing is at all attempted; and the Orientals, to whom their carpets supply the place of seats, confine them to still more limited dimensions. There is one most popular article of this description in Mohammedan countries called a 'prayer-carpet,' without which no Mussulman could get on comfortably. It is about the size and shape of a moderate English hearth-rug, and always spread for its owner's devotions, whether in the quiet of his own dwelling, or by the wayside on a journey; for the stated prayer must be said, no matter where its hour may find the disciple of the Koran. The famous mosaic pavements of the Greeks and Romans far exceeded our carpets in durability, but would ill correspond with modern notions of comfort, especially in a British winter; still less would their floors of glass, blocks of which, about the thickness of a common brick, and of various colours, have been found as the flooring of apartments in their ruined cities. For insecurity of footing, these floors must have rivalled those of highly-polished mahogany and rosewood, the chief boast of notable housekeepers in the southern states of the American Union. Carpets were first introduced into Spain by the Moors, and some ages subsequently into Italy by the Venetians, when they were the masters of the commerce of the East. Their progress towards England was slow; but in the mansions of rank and royalty rushes formed an early substitute. So late as the reign of Queen Mary, historically termed 'The Bloody,' a functionary was duly appointed to provide rushes for strewing the queen's apartments; and this was the only carpet on the dressing-room where Mary's hair was powdered with dust of gold, by way of overpowering the snows of time. It is strange how frequently the ornamental arts are found in advance of substantial refinements; but even the use of rushes proved, as an old writer assures us, 'Ye gret luxury of latter days.' The custom was imported from France about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and at that period the following is an inventory of the choicest comforts of a feudal castle:—A species of coarse tapestry, which was generally imported from abroad, served to screen the occupants of the state chambers from the rude blast, which entered at a variety of apertures. The floors were rough and bare; and besides some massive stools, there was a pallet, or couch, consisting of a wooden settle, on which was placed a cushion of some light vegetable matter, covered with skins or woollen cloth: this was the predecessor of all our modern sofas. There the ladies of the family sat by day spinning with the distaff, and it also served for the state-bed of the mansion. Carpets were known at the court of Henry VIII.; but they were mere fragments, spread for invalids to recline on, in the Eastern fashion, as Queen Elizabeth's last days are said to have been passed; or for card companies, as the stakes were liable to be lost among the rushes: yet the walls were then

covered from floor to ceiling with the celebrated tapestry of which our window-hangings are now the only representatives.

*Tapestry* was the earliest effort of domestic decoration, believed to have been a Babylonish invention, and handed down through the vicissitudes of arts and empires, till the manufacture was established at Arras in the Netherlands, and the article was called after that town. It was in turn eclipsed in the trade by Coblenz, in the reign of Louis XIV.; and it was the expensive ambition of his courtiers to have the cartoons of Raphael copied in their tapestry. Some of these costly hangings were entirely woven in a manner similar to our carpets. A manufacture of the kind, established under the patronage of James I., was the parent of carpet-weaving in England. The needlework tapestry was still more prized; and some early specimens, generally wrought on linen—such as that renowned piece on which William the Norman's queen embroidered his conquests—still exist on the continent. An English dame, at the close of the sixteenth century, obtained the hard-won praise of surpassing industry for having, in the course of a life extended to ninety years, copied out the entire Bible on the walls of her best parlour. The latter tapestry was wrought on canvas with coloured worsted: some remnants of it are still preserved in old country mansions. But there is a far more primitive description yet in use among the natives of the far Nuries; they cover the walls of their apartments with a species of straw matting, and having carpets and cushions of the same, defy the cold of their long winter; at the termination of which, their furniture being sufficiently dried, and pretty well worn, is burned piecemeal for culinary purposes, and another supply is prepared before the return of the snow. Cromwell said he never liked the arras, for it could conceal eaves-droppers; and after his reign it slowly gave place to the more solid wainscot, or small mirrors set in the wall. The latter was a Chinese decoration, imported by the Dutch, together with those porcelain and coloured tiles which have ever since given scope to the scouring propensities of Holland in her floors and fire-places.

Down to the close of the seventeenth century, English beaus and belles were allowed but little space for the reflection of their graces. One of Addison's contemporaries describes a dressing-room, formerly occupied by Nell Gwynn, the walls of which were completely inlaid with *looking-glasses* not more than a foot square. Larger glasses were in her times to be found only in France and Italy, and even there at such prices as made them accessible to none but princes.

The earliest description of a household clock was an instrument which measured time by the dropping of water, constantly poured in by an attendant, who sounded a trumpet to announce the hour. It descended from the Romans; but there was a later variety in England, which had the merit of requiring less attendance. It consisted of brazen balls, suspended over a copper basin by cords, with lights so placed as to consume the cords in a given time, the elapse of which was proclaimed by the descent of the balls into the basin. A clock somewhat similar to those now in common use was regarded as a most splendid present from Saladin the Great to the emperor of Germany; and the oldest clock now extant in Britain is said to have been constructed at the close of the fifteenth century for the palace of Hampton Court.

That variety of furniture comprehended under the classic term *candelabra*, has been used in different stages of improvement from the earliest dawn of art, or since the insufficiency of the household fire was perceived. The American Indian, on gala nights, forms sockets of plastic clay, in which torches are fixed, against the walls of his wooden wigwam, and a more extensive illumination than the owner intends is the occasional consequence. Our English ancients lighted up their festal halls in a similar fashion by means of

pendent sockets of brass, sometimes of silver, and long used by the peasantry, often with the designation of 'sconces.' The primitive candelabrum of Europe's rustic days was a solid block of wood, with a pillar rising from the centre to the height of five or six feet, the top of which was furnished with brazen sockets, few or many, according to the style of the family.

The Greek candelabra were originally made of cane, with one plate fixed above, and another beneath, by way of support, which was occasionally supplied by feet. The Grecian artists produced, in ornamenting these lamp-stands, the richest forms, which always, however, had reference to the original cane, and were encircled with an infinite variety of beautiful ornaments. Sometimes they were shafts, in the shape of columns, which could be shortened or drawn out; sometimes the luxuriant acanthus, with its leaves turned over; sometimes they represented trunks of trees, entwined with ivy and flowers, and terminated by vases or bell-flowers at the top for the reception of the lamps. Examples of these forms may be found in the British Museum and the Louvre, but particularly at the Vatican, where a gallery is filled with marble candelabra. With all the ornamental skill expended on them, those old illuminators have been found wretchedly unserviceable, compared with the modern Argand lamp, as they supply but a murky light, and an offensive smoke, which poisons the atmosphere, and soils the whole apartment. An ordinary *gaselier* would have delighted all the Cæsars; for their palaces, decorated though they were with marble, and ivory, and gold, could boast no such luminary. The bronze lamps which they so much admired were cast, and, of necessity, heavy and cumbersome; but the same effect is now produced by striking up the metal, and a still richer bronze imparted by an acid in a few hours. A beautiful, but extremely cheap method of ornamenting candelabra was lately discovered in America, by making a thin skeleton of wire, and immersing it in a solution of alum coloured by metallic oxides.

Much difference exists in the sleeping accommodations of mankind. Among the low-sitting nations, the daylight seat has long served for nightly rest also. A corresponding arrangement was practised in Anglo-Norman castles, and still remains among the Icelanders, where every one's seat is his *bed*. The repose of the Russian peasant's family is enjoyed on the top of their immense stove, which they cover with coarse blankets and mattresses for that purpose. The rush-purveyor to our last Henry had, besides, a commission to provide straw for the slumbers of the king's servants, which, it seems, were enjoyed in the kitchen; and a writer of the period, in reference to the simplicity of the former age, tells us that most people were content if they could get plenty of straw to sleep on, with a good log for their heads. Singular as the latter comfort may appear, it has a resemblance in the oldest remnant of Egypt's household goods. The pillows of the pyramid people were nothing but small blocks of wood, with a hollow cut out for the head to rest in. Bedsteads came into general use among the highest classes in the course of the sixteenth century; but the specimens yet remaining are wonderfully small compared with those of the succeeding age. So highly were they esteemed, 'that an stately bedstead' is enumerated among the valuables which Queen Anne of Denmark brought with her to Scotland. This antiquated couch is now the property of the Earl of Elgin. It is of walnut-tree, of curious workmanship, and ornamented with several antique figures neatly carved.

The intrinsic worth of the queen's 'stately bedstead' would be estimated by a modern auctioneer at something vastly less than it was by her contemporaries; but this is an example of the French proverb, that rarity raises the price. Another case in point occurs, though regarding a far inferior, but not less useful appliance. Martin, in his narrative of a visit to St Kilda in 1698, mentions that there was not a metal *pot* in that or the



adjacent islands but one, which the owner was in the habit of hiring out at the rate of a fowl per boil; and this rent, paid in the current coin of the Hebrides, was called the pot penny: with which notable instance of the rise which occurs in the value of domestic comforts through their scarcity, we conclude our notice of furniture.

### Column for Young People.

THE DRAGON AND THE HEROINE.

NEAR a retired village stands a small neat house in the midst of a garden not so neat, but filled with a variety of plants. The walks, bounded by irregular borders, are everywhere invaded by wild herbs and flowers, and the unpruned trees fling abroad in every direction their great knotted branches, offering a secure asylum to the birds who build their nests there, and sing so pleasantly. The gates and paling are in a very dilapidated condition, so that the tame fowls stray in, and even the wild rabbits come and browse on the fragrant herbs, without regarding, or being regarded by, the old spaniel, who lies on a soft sunny grass-plot, and whose only occupation is to raise his head and wag his tail whenever he sees his master approach.

This master is a noble-looking man, whose gray silken locks make him appear older than he is, and whose ruling passion is a love for the study of natural history. Some time since he received a visit from a favourite young friend, who had been his pupil, and who, not finding him in the house, walked without ceremony into the garden. There he found the naturalist kneeling on the ground before some object which he seemed to watch intently.

'Welcome, Henry,' he said, extending his hand; 'but, like a dear boy, don't disturb me; I am engaged in a most interesting investigation.' Silently pressing the kind hand of his former instructor, the young man seated himself by his side, in order to see the object of his observation. It was a flower-pot filled with clay and compost, in which grew a common-looking pink, and on which a large earwig was crawling. This harmless insect, whose scientific name is *forficula*, is frequently the cause of terror and aversion to ignorant people, on account probably of the pair of pincers with which its tail is furnished, but which, in reality, have no power to injure. It is not at all more likely to enter the human ear than any other slender creeping insect; but should one do so, instead of, according to the vulgar notion, causing certain death, it may readily be expelled, without pain or injury to the patient, by one or two drops of sweet oil.

The earwig in the flower-pot, sheltered between two little mounds of clay, remained for a time immovable. When the young man, however, approached his face closely to the insect, it began to move its antennæ. 'Hush, Henry; don't stir; but watch what the *forficula* will do.'

The young man obeyed; and after a few minutes, the insect, apparently reassured by the quietness around, threw, with its mandibles and fore-feet, a little clay over a heap of minute grayish-looking grains clustered together, and crawled towards the pink. It burrowed into the middle of the flower, and detaching the most tender of the petals, carried them towards the nest it had just left.

This provision made, it gently removed the clay which it had thrown on the little gray cluster; and covering the latter, of which each grain was an egg, with its body, the earwig began to hatch them precisely after the manner of a careful hen. It was curious to see this vigilant mother at the slightest noise vibrate her antennæ, and place herself in a posture of defence. A spider, who was spinning his web suspended from a branch which overhung the flower-pot, whether by accident, or really with fell intent, let himself glide along his slender cable, and descended

close to the brooding insect. Immediately she rushed on the pirate, overthrew him, and pierced his entrails with her strong scissors-shaped mandibles. The victory gained, she hastened to return to her eggs, and sat on them again with the utmost care. After the lapse of an hour, the friends saw her gently turn the eggs, and move them so that each should experience the same degree of heat. Night approached, and the observers were obliged to resign their post and go in to dinner. During the evening they conversed chiefly on the wonderful instinct displayed by those creatures which we are accustomed to consider so low in the scale of creation, but which, to the observant eye and thoughtful mind, show forth most clearly the goodness and wisdom of their Almighty Maker.

Early next morning they returned to the flower-pot, and perceived that the little ones had just come forth. Semi-transparent, and exceedingly minute, they crept around their mother, and took shelter beneath her, just as so many little chickens would have done with the hen. The earwig watched them, guided back to the nest with her antennæ those that wandered too far, and when a new one came out, placed him with his brethren. Ere long, she found herself surrounded by an interesting family of thirty-eight little ones. Then the naturalist and his friend perceived the reason of her having on the previous evening collected the tender leaves of the pink. She took them between her mandibles, cut them into very small bits, and made them into a sort of paste, which she then gave as food to her newly-born offspring. It was pleasant to see the mother in the midst of her brood, feeding each in turn, and watching that all had an equal share. At the slightest appearance of danger she collected her little ones beneath her; and with her corslet raised, her mandibles half-opened, her antennæ in the air, she waited, ready to die in their defence. A grain of sand falling by accident, a gentle touch given to the flower-pot by Henry, were sufficient to cause these alarms.

As to the objects of her tenderness, like so many spoiled children, they became petulant and indocile. The little rebels wandered continually beyond their mother's ken, and failed to return at her anxious signal. One of them completed his escapades by tumbling into a lake of water nearly as large in circumference as a half-crown piece, which lay near the centre of their domain. The more he struggled to regain the shore, the more he receded from it. Suddenly his mother perceived his danger, and darting bravely into the water, brought him back in safety, and dried him tenderly with her antennæ. Alas! her maternal love was destined to undergo a sharper trial. On the following day, as she was parading her children in the sun, a frightful beast—a staphylin beetle—by some sad accident descried the inhabitants of the flower-pot. Slowly, but surely, he advanced along its edge; black, gigantic, covered with scales, and his mouth, which was formed of two sickle-shaped mandibles, exhaling a dreadful odour, thus realising in the poor earwig's apprehension all the fabulous horrors related of the dragon of antiquity. She lay motionless, her antennæ protruded in front, and without power to give her little ones the usual signal of recall—that is to say, a slight beating of her fore-feet on the clay. But soon maternal love conquered fear. She roused herself, struck the ground boldly, collected her children beneath her, and intrenched herself behind her little mound of clay. The frightful staphylin—who bore aloft his tail, surmounted by a double black tuft—advanced fiercely, and seizing, under the mother's eyes, one of the little ones, which had not rejoined her, cut it in two with his mandibles, and devoured it. Then the *forficula* threw herself on the monster, and commenced a fight of desperation. She grasped him tightly, and with the aid of her pincers tried to seize his neck, very slender in that species of beetle. For a moment the staphylin was stopped, but with a violent effort he shook off his enemy, who fell exhausted. Again she rose, and hastened to her nest; already five of her children had perished. A fresh attack on the destroyer—but its issue could not be doubted; and

the poor mother, in spite of her heroism, was on the point of being sacrificed, when the naturalist seized the staphylin, and threw him out of the flower-pot. Then turning to his young friend, he said, as if to excuse this compassionate action, 'What would have become of our investigation if she had been killed?' Henry smiled, and pressed his hand.

Thus ended the perils of the forclicula and her young ones. From that time nothing occurred to interfere with their complete development. We are confirmed in this belief by the fact, that the naturalist's garden speedily became infested with swarms of earwigs, which increased and multiplied to such an extent that he could not preserve a single peach or pink. The last visit that Henry paid his friend, he found him busily employed in collecting staphylins to destroy his rapacious guests.

#### ADULTERATION OF FLOUR.

The fraud I allude to has been practised in the flour trade in the city and county of Cork and Limerick alone for the last forty years, and is done as follows by the millers:—Two stone weight of alum dissolved in hot water, two pounds of pearl-ash, eight pounds of rock-salt, two pounds of spirits of salts, one pound of magnesia, and one quart of the strongest oil of vitriol, are all dissolved separately, and then mixed together, and put into twenty gallons of lime-water; and after letting the whole stand for a short time, it is put into the wheat, when it is prepared for grinding in the following manner:—The miller keeps a large sprinkling can, like that used in gardens, out of which he pours the above liquid on the wheat, whilst two men turn it backward and forward until the wheat gets quite dry, which is soon effected, in consequence of the great quantity of vitriol used as a dryer. The quantity of the above liquid is used in proportion of five pints to every twenty stones of wheat, and when it is put into it, it is ground off as soon as possible, to prevent the stuffs from evaporating. Flour made by the above treatment obtains 5s. per bag more than flour made from the best quality of wheat, in the plain and natural way, and on that account the county Cork and Limerick millers adopted the use of the liquid described above. Besides, they have the advantage of the weight of twenty gallons of water put into about thirty-five barrels of wheat, for which reason the Cork flour, of all other Irish flour, will not endure a sea voyage. Millers (and millers only) are so well aware of the very bad effects which the bran made from some of those receipts has on cattle, that they don't use the flour in bread themselves, nor give the bran of it to their own cattle.—*Cork Examiner.*

#### NEVER GET ANGRY.

It does no good. Some sins have a *seeming* compensation or apology, a present gratification of some sort; but anger has none. A man *feels* no better for it. It is really a torment; and when the storm of passion has cleared away, it leaves one to see that he has been a fool. And he has made himself a fool in the eyes of others too. Who thinks well of an ill-natured, churlish man, who has to be approached in the most guarded and cautious way? Who wishes him for a neighbour, or a partner in business? He keeps all about him in nearly the same state of mind as if they were living next door to a hornet's nest or a rabid animal. And as to prosperity in business, one gets along no better for getting angry. What if business is perplexing, and everything goes 'by contraries,' will a fit of passion make the winds more propitious, the ground productive, the markets more favourable? Will a bad temper draw customers, pay notes, and make creditors better natured? If men, animals, or senseless matter cause trouble, will getting 'mad' help matters, make men more subservient, brutes more docile, wood and stone more tractable? An angry man adds nothing to the welfare of society. He may do some good, but more hurt. Heated passion makes him a firebrand, and it is a wonder if he does not kindle flames of discord on every hand. Without much sensibility, and often bereft of reason, he speaketh like the piercing of a sword, and his tongue is an arrow shot out. He is a bad element in any community, and his removal would furnish occasion for a day of thanksgiving. Since, then, anger is useless, needless, disgraceful, without the least apology, and found only 'in the bosom of fools,' why should it be indulged at all?—*Boston Reporter.*

#### WHAT IS BEAUTY?

To —.

WHAT IS Beauty? Form and feature,  
Impress of the hand of Nature;  
Line and hue together blending,  
Impulse still to sweetest lending.

Look upon Ianthe's graces—  
There her lines young Beauty traces;  
There her lineaments behold,  
Cast in nature's chastest mould:  
Look into her heavenly eye—  
There the azure's purest dye;  
There the light of life and mind,  
With love and modesty combined:  
Look upon Ianthe's cheek—  
There is all that's mild and meek;  
And coral red and ivory white  
Kiss each other, and unite  
On lips that love dare scarcely press,  
Sacred in their loveliness.  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me  
In my skiff along the sea;  
Look into its crystal waters,  
And behold its algine daughters,  
Where the painted fishes play,  
And the wave sings roundelay:  
Or let us, roaming hand in hand,  
Wander o'er the golden strand,  
Where the sea-shells gleam like pearls,  
On the neck of Orient girls:  
Or, seated by the pebbled shore,  
List the music of the oar,  
Or the sea-bird's plaintive cry,  
As on labouring wing they hie,  
While the ever-murmuring tide  
Saluteth earth as its own bride:  
Come with me, and there confess  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty? Come with me  
Into nature's sanctuary;  
To the mead or to the wild wood,  
Where the flowers in blooming childhood  
From the emerald sod looked up,  
Each a diamond in its cup;  
A silver or a golden cell  
Where a fairy queen might dwell:  
Come where the yellow broom is waving,  
Or the stream the lily laving;  
Where the rills glide on in pleasure,  
To a low, sweet, murmuring measure;  
Where the hawthorn scents the gale,  
And zephyr, wandering through the vale,  
Bears on its aerial wing  
The breath of each sweet odorous thing;  
While the birds in choral glee,  
Trill their sylvan minstrelsy;  
Or, wandering o'er the flowery holm,  
Where the wild bee loves to roam—  
Where the light-winged butterfly,  
Beauty's favourite child, flits by:  
Come with me to yonder glade,  
At noon beside the cool cascade,  
Where plumy fern of brightest green,  
And moss of every hue is seen;  
And the rose and jessamine  
With the honeysuckles twine:  
There shall Nature's self control  
Each emotion of thy soul;  
Make thy heart with joy confess  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

What is Beauty?—What is Beauty?  
Truth, and love, and filial duty,  
Breathed from lips by sin unstained,  
Told by looks that never feigned—  
Beaming as I see them now  
On you little maiden's brow—  
Lovely 'midst its golden tresses,  
Gladdened by her sire's caresses;  
Or, kneeling with her little brother,  
Beside their tender loving mother,  
Offering to the God above  
The incense of her pure heart's love,  
Then parting with the good-night kiss—  
If there's Beauty—it is this!

J. C.

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